

ARNOLD'S MARCH

FROM

CAMBRIDGE TO QUEBEC

BY

EZRA DODGE HINES.



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“The hearts that beat one hundred years ago
Were players in a mighty symphony;
Each heard its separate part, no more: while we,
Who hear the solemn measures swell and flow
Confined in one majestic hymn, bestow
Upon the whole the name of history.”

IN Salem, on Friday, June 17, 1774, the session of the General Court is drawing to a close. Before the day is done, and the work is finished, Samuel Adams, that staunch patriot, has at last succeeded in securing the election of delegates to attend the meeting of the First Continental Congress, to be held in Philadelphia in September, 1774. One of the delegates thus chosen was John Adams, who

EDITORIAL NOTE.—There are local traditions connected with this famous march which would well repay the labor of tracing out. It has always been said that Arnold dined with a friend in Salem on his way east. He seems to have left Cambridge about a day behind the last division of his troops. Naturally the main body would not march through Salem on account of the serious obstruction offered to the movement of a body of troops by the Beverly Ferry. But the General, with members of his staff, might very well have done so, for Arnold had friends in Salem. The Marquis de Chastellux records passing the ferry from Beverly to Salem in 1782 “in two flat-bottomed boats containing each six horses” (E. I. Hist. Coll., Vol. XXX, pp. 64-5) and Felt (Annals of Salem, Vol. II, p. 520) says that “a detachment of Arnold’s force, destined to Canada, took dinner at Salem, September 14.”

The first battalion which moved out from the camp at Cambridge on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 13, marched through Malden and Lynn, and bivouacked, the second night, in Upper Beverly. And it is thought probable that the open plain to the west of the Meeting House, the Chipman Parsonage, and the Baker Tavern, was the spot selected. The second battalion left Cambridge on the morning of Thursday and halted for the night at Danvers. A level tract to the east of, and just off Danvers Square has been pointed out by tradition as their camping ground. With the growing activity of our day in antiquarian research, it is not unlikely that private letters and journals may come to light which will locate these interesting events beyond a peradventure. The press of the last century, with its provoking reticence in matters of detail, offers little assistance. If our modern newspapers could borrow a little of this reticence and lend to the earlier chroniclers something of the superabundant loquacity of our times, a happy mean would seem to be established.

afterwards became the second President of the United States. Three days later, John Adams, on his journey from Boston to Ipswich, where he goes to attend Court, tarries in Danvers. He remains there over night in an inn or ordinary kept by one John Piemont, which stood upon Danvers square.

Adams, before he retired for the night, wrote in his diary the following words — words which, his biographer says, are the first that we have from him, in relation to his feelings about his election as a delegate to the coming Continental convention. He wrote as follows :

“ MONDAY, June 20, 1774.

At Piemont's in Danvers, bound for Ipswich. There is a new and grand scene open before me; a Congress. This will be an assembly of the wisest men upon the continent, who are Americans in principle, that is, against taxation of Americans by authority of Parliament I feel myself unequal to this business. A more extensive knowledge of the realm, the colonies, and of commerce, as well as of law and policy, is necessary, than I am master of. What can be done? Will it be expedient to propose an annual Congress of committees? to petition? Will it do to petition at all? — to the King? — to the Lords? — to the Commons? What will such consultations avail? Deliberations alone will not do. We must petition or recommend to the Assemblies to petition, or, — [and here is a pause, — afterwards he adds] The ideas of the people are as various as their faces. One thinks. no more petitions, — former having been neglected and despised; some are for resolves, spirited resolves, and some are for bolder counsels.

I will keep an exact diary of my journey, as well as a journal of the proceedings of Congress.”

These were bold, brave words, suggestive of the hour; written by a man who was destined, so soon, to stand as a bright and shining light, in the troublous times then so near at hand.

When the time came, John Adams was on hand and attended the convention in Philadelphia, where he performed excellent service for his country. He was after-

wards elected a delegate to the second Continental Congress, held in Philadelphia, May, 1775, and while attending this Congress he, on June 14, 1775, performed a very signal service for his country. Discussing the question respecting the army in Cambridge then besieging the British troops in Boston, he made a motion, "that Congress would adopt the Army at Cambridge, and appoint a General or Commander-in-chief; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a General, yet he had no hesitation to declare, that he had but one gentleman in his mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us, and very well known to all of us, a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies, better than any other person in the Union." There was no mistaking whom Adams meant. All eyes were immediately turned upon Washington who, in his modesty, retired to the Library. On the next day, June 15, 1775, George Washington was chosen by ballot, unanimously, by the Continental Congress, to be General and Commander-in-chief of the American army. Wise men! Wise choice! On the assembling of Congress the next morning the President, John Hancock, informed Washington officially of his appointment. The acceptance of the same by Washington was in brief words, but throughout full of modesty and humility, showing that he desired to do his duty faithfully and well, but at the same time fearing the responsibility thus laid upon him to be too great. Events which followed show that the choice of the Congress was a wise one.

Washington's commission as General and Commander-in-chief was dated June 19, 1775, two days after the

Battle of Bunker Hill, and soon after he departed for Cambridge, where he arrived July 2, 1775. The next day, July 3, under the "Great Elm" near Cambridge common, which is still standing, and now known as the "Washington Elm," General Washington, in brief but well chosen words, took formal command of the American army. The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought. The cause of Massachusetts had become the common cause of all the colonies, and troops were now hastening to Cambridge from all parts of the country. Soon various plans and projects were proposed, and among others, "The Expedition to Quebec," or "The March of Arnold from Cambridge to Quebec."

To understand better what is to follow, the condition of Canada, in 1775, should be stated.

Canada, like the other American colonies, was, at this time, under British rule. With the exception of a few years, Canada had, previous to 1759, been under French rule; but, since 1759, when the English conquered Canada, it had been an English colony. In so far Canada was not unlike the American colonies on the south. Since the English had come into possession of Canada there had been a great deal of discontent and dissatisfaction. Most of the inhabitants, especially of that portion which is now called Quebec, were French people. It was of course obnoxious to them to be subjected to English rule. There were, however, Englishmen among them but their number was small in comparison with the large number of inhabitants. After the conquest, the Canadians were placed at first under military rule, and governed by English laws. Now, in 1774, the wise heads in the English government, seeing with alarm the results which attended the severe, unjust and unrighteous laws inflicted by them upon the American colonies to the south of Canada,

and fearing that Canada might be induced to join them, and if so, that then English rule in America would be lost forever,—decided that something must be done to satisfy and please the Canadians, and thus keep them on good terms with the Home Government. The result of all this was the passage of the "Quebec Act," which was a very significant act. It gave to the Canadians, among other things,—representation,—the very thing that the other colonies had desired for so long a time.

The act provided "that Canadian subjects professing the Catholic faith might be called to sit in the Council; that the Catholic clergy with the exception of the regular orders should be secured in the enjoyments of their professions, and of their tithes from all those who professed their religion;" and there were also other provisions. It will readily be seen in this Act, there is quite an advance for the Canadians from military rule, and while all may not be statesmen, yet the ordinarily intelligent man, knowing the facts, cannot fail to see in all this, that no great love for the Canadians prompted the Act, but rather the necessity existing of something being done, and that something quickly, so that the English might be able to hold the Canadians, and especially Quebec, the "Gibraltar" of the new world. The Englishmen in Canada were bitter and indignant that the Home Government should pass such an Act and they, with many of the Indian tribes, were very friendly to the American colonies.

It is seen that in September, 1775, there was a kindly feeling shown to the American colonies by many of the Canadians; more than this, the country was not very well guarded, many of the troops having been sent to Boston. There were also great military stores in Quebec. There was a strong feeling that the Canadians were many of them in sympathy with the colonies and would join with them against the English.

CAUSE OF THE EXPEDITION.

In 1775, after the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, Congress had conceived the idea of obtaining possession of Canada, and thus uniting the whole continent in opposition to Great Britain. This plan was presented to Congress by Benedict Arnold and others, and after Washington took command of the army, he was strongly impressed with the advisability of such a movement, and General Schuyler had already been selected to lead an army into Canada by way of the Northern lakes. Benedict Arnold now proposed that an expedition should start from Cambridge, go to Newburyport, embark there for the mouth of the Kennebec, proceed through the wilderness of Maine, then over the Canadian country to Quebec, and capture that city by surprise.

Congress also sent a committee to General Washington, to confer with him in relation thereto.

TROOPS COMPOSING THE EXPEDITION.

Sept. 8, 1775, the following order was issued by the Commander-in-chief.

"The detachment going under the command of Col. Arnold to be forthwith taken off the roll of duty, and to march this evening to Cambridge Common, where tents and everything necessary are provided for their reception. The rifle company at Roxbury, and those from Prospect Hill, to march early to-morrow morning to join the above detachment. Such officers and men as are taken from General Green's brigade, for the above detachment, are to attend the muster of their respective regiments to-morrow morning at 7 o'clk., upon Prospect Hill; when the muster is finished, they are forthwith to rejoin the detachment at Cambridge."

The troops were arranged in two battalions and were commanded respectively by Lt. Col. Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, and Lt. Col. Roger Enos, of Connecticut.

The first battalion had seven companies, and the second six companies. There was one surgeon and one chaplain for both battalions, and the whole detachment was under the command of Col. Benedict Arnold.

DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST BATTALION FROM CAMBRIDGE.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1775, there is a commotion near Cambridge common. The first part of this little army is about to start upon its march. It is to be a long, a fearful, and a perilous journey, but it is well they know not what is before them. Had they known, it would have made their stout hearts quail. They do not know and so they start off with light hearts and cheerful steps. They soon cross the old bridge over the Mystic river, after passing from Cambridge through Charlestown and, journeying along the old road in Medford, finally reach Malden in the early evening. Here they find a convenient spot, and spreading their white tents encamp for the night. On the morrow they resume their march, continuing along the old Boston road, and before noon reach Lynn. Realizing the importance of the undertaking that these men have entered upon, it is desired that the readers of this story become acquainted with them, and so by word-illustrations, they will be presented as they make a short halt in their march.

Marching down the side of the troops, as they have halted, will be seen a man, who, the moment the eye rests upon him, will be recognized as a brave fellow. It is Christopher Greene. He is a Rhode Island man, who, previous to entering the army, was a farmer. By his looks it is seen that he is a very intelligent man. He has had the confidence of his fellow-citizens in a remarkable degree. He is one of the many men who took a bold

stand against the King, and his counsel tended to encourage measures for military defence. Early in 1775 he is commissioned captain in a regiment organized by the General Assembly for the Continental service. He marches to Cambridge, and here is selected as lieutenant-colonel, and placed in command of this portion of Arnold's army, and now is *en route* for Quebec. He is a man of sterling worth.

Yonder is seen an officer conversing very earnestly with some of the patriots gathered about him. His name is Timothy Bigelow. He is from Worcester, Mass. He is the major of this detachment. See him as he moves about—a very noticeable personage. He is very tall, more than six feet in height, and of fine personal appearance. It will be observed that his bearing is erect and martial, and his step most graceful.

In early life a blacksmith, at the outbreak of the Revolution he is in command of a company of minute men. Before the Revolution, he was a member of the Whig club which met in Boston, and was the associate of Warren and Otis. He commands a company in Col. Jona. Ward's regiment. Under his unwearied instruction the company attain such excellence in military exercises as to draw from Washington on the first review: "This is discipline indeed!" He possesses a vigorous intellect, ardent temperament, and a warm and generous heart. Look at him again and again. Remember him in the future.

Look, now! and behold a rifle company under command of Capt. Matthew Smith. This company have come all the way from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to do service for their country; they are picked men—all large fellows—six-footers. See how they are dressed! Each man has a rifle barrelled gun, a tomahawk, or small axe, and a long knife, usually called a scalping knife, which serves

for all purposes in the woods. His under dress — by no means in a military style — is covered by a deep ash-colored hunting shirt, leggins and moccasins, if the latter could be procured. A savage dress, indeed! Such men would naturally carry terror with them. It will be observed that the captain of this company, Captain Smith, is a good-looking fellow and has the air of a soldier but, as we listen, he is found to be quite illiterate and very talkative. One cannot fail, however, in glancing at him, to be impressed with this fact — that he is a man who, if occasion require, will be a brave fellow; and in his company, walking about, are noticed certain men, who answer in the roll call to these names: James Crouch, Richard Dixon, Robert McClure, Lt. Archibald Steele, Lt. Michael Simpson, John Joseph Henry, John Harris, whose father was the founder of Harrisburg, John Shaeffer the drummer, and Sergeants Thomas Boyd, Robert Cunningham, and Robert Dixon, and privates John Tidd and John McKonkey. They will be heard from again.

Not far from this company is another company of riflemen coming also from Pennsylvania (Cumberland County). Their dress, it will be seen, is like that of the company just described; it will be noticed that an officer is moving about among his men conversing pleasantly with them. He is their beloved Capt. Wm. Hendricks. One is attracted to him at once. One has to look up he is so tall, but in so doing the eyes look upon a man of mild and beautiful countenance, behind which it is felt is a soul animated by a genuine spark of heroism.

Go down the line still farther and here will be found a Rhode Island man with his company, — Capt. Samuel Ward. He relates that when hostilities commenced he was just out of college, that he joined the Rhode Island army of observation and was appointed captain. He

soon left for Cambridge. His youth surprises — no wonder — he is the youngest officer in the expedition.

Next in line is Captain John Topham, also a Rhode Islander, with his company. Hearing the news of the Battle of Lexington he raises a company and marches to Cambridge; and here he is with his company bound for Quebec.

Here also, as one goes about, will be noticed three other companies commanded respectively by Captains McCobb, Jonas Hubbard, a Worcester man, and Captain Simeon Thayer. These three companies with those previously described make up the first battalion of Arnold's detachment, which battalion having halted for a brief time, the command is given to resume their march — the drums beat, the fifes play, and they move on, passing over the road to Danvers, and at nightfall reach Beverly, where they halt and encamp for the night. Friday, this battalion marches on through Wenham, Ipswich, Rowley and Newbury, reaching Newburyport in the evening.

Not long after this first battalion of troops has passed, the sound of music is again heard, and the remainder or second battalion of Arnold's army — its rear guard — is in sight. Watch them as they pass along in their haste to overtake those gone before them, their companions in this new and untried march.

Marching at their head is noticed their lieutenant colonel, Roger Enos, a man of fine presence; he is from Connecticut, and has seen service in the French war. He served as a captain in Israel Putnam's regiment in 1764. Notice the major with these troops as he passes by. He also is a native of Connecticut. He has always been a military man; is just the man to undertake this march. It will be interesting to know something about him.

Return Jonathan Meigs. His name was given him by

his father, — surely nothing strange in that. Eminently proper when the story is told. His father when a young man, like many another young man before and since, went a-courting. He paid his attentions to a fair Quakeress, but was unsuccessful and she repeatedly rejected him, saying, "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much but cannot marry thee." But, on his last visit, as he slowly mounted his horse, the relenting lady beckoned to him to stop, saying, "Return Jonathan! Return Jonathan!" These, the happiest words he had ever heard, he gave as a name to his first-born son. Although named Return, there is no return about him when once started on a mission. His face is set towards the north, — towards Quebec. He means to reach the goal.

Look! now, another rifle company is passing rapidly along; this time not from Pennsylvania but from farther south, from Virginia — from the valley of the Shenandoah. How suggestive the name! Just observe their captain, that remarkable specimen of a man, Daniel Morgan; of whom Henry says, "he was a large, strong bodied personage, whose appearance gave the idea history has left us of Belisarius — kind in manners and, where attached, truly affectionate." He is six feet high and a man of great strength. It is said no man performed more efficient service in the Revolution than Morgan. This man was a teamster in Braddock's army and, for some offence committed against a British officer, was condemned to receive five hundred lashes, although he always jocosely affirmed the drummer miscounted and gave him but four hundred and ninety-nine. One can see by his looks that he is a very daring man. He bears upon his person the effects of encounters with the Indians. After leaving the army he settled down as a farmer, and was rapidly acquiring property when the Revolution broke out.

He hears of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and no longer can he remain in his Virginia home. He immediately sets about to raise a rifle company and to depart for the scene of war ; and, in less than a week afterwards, he had his company complete, and was on the march to Cambridge. In battle he was a fearful man, and fought desperately ; his men loved him, and their affection was his reliance.

With him of course, are his riflemen. Mark them as they pass along. They are the famed corps from the Shenandoah valley and the mountains round about. It is said that the drum and fife, and even the sergeant's hard dollars on the drum head would not have enlisted a man of his corps. It was like the devotion of a Highland clan to its chief — Morgan was the chief. When Morgan cried "come, boys ! who's for the camp at Cambridge?" the mountaineers turned out to a man. With blankets buckled to their backs, their baggage, a supply of food in their pouches, scanty as the aborigines would take for a long march — they grasped their rifles and strode away to the north, a band of young giants for the combat of liberty.

The dress of these riflemen was somewhat different from that of the Pennsylvania riflemen, — take notice as they pass along.

White or brown linen hunting shirt, ornamented with a fringe and secured by a belt of wampum in which a knife or tomahawk is stuck ; leggins and moccasins ornamented in Indian fashion with beads and brilliantly-dyed porcupine quills. On the part of their shirts covering the breast are the words of Henry, "Liberty or Death." A round hat completes their costume which, it must be conceded, is to say the least warlike and at the same time picturesque. Quite a sight for the people of those days !

This is the Captain Morgan, and this the rifle company,

whom Washington met as he rode about Cambridge to inspect the intrenchments. Morgan saluted his commander-in-chief with the warm words, "From the right bank of the Potomac, General!" "From the Potomac! then they are my old neighbors." He must shake hands with them, and the brave Washington dismounts, goes along the lines and, with tears upon his cheeks, shakes hands with the hardy huntsmen of the Shenandoah.

Following, in quick succession, are the companies commanded respectively by Captains Henry Dearborn, Merchant, Williams, Goodrich and Scott. Dearborn was a noted fellow both before and afterwards.

There is a volunteer for this expedition who in marching by claims one's attention. Who can he be, this young man, a mere stripling, only nineteen years of age? He is a grandson of the great theologian Jonathan Edwards; he is destined when a man to be a Vice President of the nation which is to be. He is none other than Aaron Burr — the gay, the handsome, the rollicking young Burr.

At the time of the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, he was at Litchfield, Conn., studying law. The drums aroused him. He writes to his college friend Ogden, urging him to come quickly to Litchfield, and start with him for the seat of war. Ogden replied he could not at present, but while waiting for Ogden came the news of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Burr could wait no longer, and mounting his horse he rode in haste to Elizabethtown where he aided Ogden, and together they made their way to the camp at Cambridge. After a while in camp he is very sick with fever. One day tossing in his bed he overheard Ogden and the others talking in the next room concerning this expedition. He immediately sat up in bed, and declared his intention to join in the march. Ogden and his friends remonstrated, but Burr, feeble as he was,

began to dress himself. His comrades stood aghast at his actions. But no argument, no persuasion, could move him, when his mind was made up. Go he would — go he did (and here he is in Lynn on his way to Quebec). We shall hear from him again later on. With him in the procession as it moves along will be noticed Ogden and also Rev. Samuel Spring, the chaplain of this army, both of whom had been in college with Burr.

This second battalion follow along in the wake of the first; encamp Thursday night in Danvers, Friday night in Newbury, reaching Newburyport Saturday morning.

And now let us change the scene. We are in Cambridge-town. We observe two men in very earnest conversation. Are they recognized? One of them is surely known. He is the commander-in-chief of America's braves, the beloved Washington; and the other, a short handsome man, of a florid complexion. One must by this time have anticipated who he is. It is the most important man of all in this expedition to Quebec, — Benedict Arnold. Would that we might hear Washington give him his instructions concerning this great undertaking which he has chosen him to command. Washington has the greatest confidence in Colonel Arnold, and feels that he is intrusting him with a mission which he hopes and believes will be of the most important service to the colonies. But now the hour has come for parting. There is no record of just what was said, but it requires but little imagination to believe that, as the great chief looked into the face of Arnold, it must have occurred to him, that ere they should clasp hands again, great events would happen; and with sad, yet tender feelings, feelings of hope and courage, he must have said good-bye and wished him success in what he considered would be a momentous undertaking. 'Tis over, now, and Arnold on the morning of Friday,

Sept. 15th, mounts his horse, a fine one too,—for he knows a good horse, and does he not well know how "to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, and witch the world with noble horsemanship?"—and with his aids hastens to Newburyport, whither his troops have preceded him.

The troops remain in Newburyport three or four days. Sunday, the 17th, many of them attend church services in the Old South Presbyterian Church, still standing. The chaplain of the expedition, Rev. Samuel Spring, discourses to them from the text: "Except thy presence go with us, carry us not up hence." Burr afterwards spoke of this sermon, with high commendation.

Tuesday morning, Sept. 19th, the whole detachment leave Newburyport on ten transports, and in the early afternoon sail for the mouth of the Kennebec. While the transports containing the troops are sailing along the coast, and before they reach the Kennebec river, an episode must be related concerning Burr, which happened while he was at Newburyport.

Timothy Edwards, his uncle and his guardian (for Burr it must be remembered is a minor), is greatly exercised over Burr's departure; so much so, that he despatches a messenger to Newburyport with orders to bring him back—peacefully if he can, forcibly if he must. He finds Burr, and hands him a letter from his uncle, which commands his return. Reading it, he looks coolly up at the messenger, and asks the following characteristic question:

"Suppose I refuse to go, how do you expect to take me back? If you were to attempt it by force, I would have you hung up in ten minutes." The messenger looks frightened—but he has his lesson well. The first letter failing of its mission—as it most certainly had—he had but to produce a second letter for the inspection of the

young man. This was rather more tender in its sentiments than the first; it also enclosed some money. Burr was moved—his feelings, but not his resolution. Tears flowed. He informed his uncle that he could not now retire from a scheme in which his heart and, as he supposed, his honor was embarked. The messenger departed to meet the uncle, and Burr hastened onward to Quebec.

The troops are now at the mouth of the Kennebec river, and thus far the journey of these brave men has not been an arduous one, but now is about to be commenced a march which, for courage, clear grit, boldness, bravery, patience, suffering, endurance and fortitude, under the most trying, and at times painful circumstances, stands we believe without a parallel in the world's history. A march undertaken without an extensive knowledge of the country through which it led; a march not over good roads nor through a fruitful land; a march the issue of which was involved in more than ordinary doubt; surely a most wonderful march.

Nothing daunted, the brave army make their way northward—now floating in their bateaux upon the Kennebec; now, owing to the rapid currents and falls of the river, leaving the streams, and with their boats and baggage marching on the land, around these rapids; again taking to the river, soon to leave it for the woods and marshes, and so on till the Dead River is reached; up that stream, leaving it to pass up its side, and again gliding in bateaux adown the stream.

Over the mountains they go and down the valleys, then to another stream, and now pushing on and on till the heights are reached—the high lands separating the waters running south into the Atlantic from those running northward into the St. Lawrence—reaching Chaudiere pond; around this, then on and off the Chaudiere River,

mostly off, on, on, through the Canadian country, till finally,—all this time foot-sore, weary, nearly famished with hunger, cold—chilled to the very bone, sometimes not knowing whether life was worth the striving for, and death seeming imminent, through trials, troubles and tribulations many, at last they reach Point Levi on the St. Lawrence, opposite and in sight of Quebec, the object of their long and weary march. Not discouraged, but brave, hopeful and trustful, ready at any time to cross the river, and with their bold commander Arnold at the head, they cross the St. Lawrence and march against the citadel of Quebec, now ascending the path made immortal by the glorious achievement of the gallant Wolfe; now upon the plains of Abraham demanding the surrender of the town; repulsed, but not discouraged, retreating up the river, to Point au Trembles, waiting here, to be joined later by the forces under the command of the brave Montgomery, and jointly with them to suffer defeat—Montgomery dying, Arnold wounded—and of these brave men many killed, others wounded, and some prisoners—this is a synopsis of their march and experiences, and it is so full of thrilling and daring exploits, the best account which can be given is to relate, in the words of those who took part, some of the events of that wonderful march.

Having arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec, the fleet sail up the river to the ship yard of Colonel Colborn, where the vessels were left, and the bateaux provided, with which to ascend the river. The bateaux were built at Agry's point about two miles below what is now Gardiner (then called Pittston) and the residence of Colonel Colborn, and here arrangements were made for the advance through the wilds of Maine, and the Canadian wilderness to Quebec. Arnold's arrangements were as follows: he thought it advisable to send as a vanguard an officer and

seven men — for the purpose of ascertaining and marking the paths which were used by the Indians, at the numerous carrying places in the wilderness, towards the head of the river, and also to ascertain the course of the river Chaudiere.

The officer chosen by Arnold was Archibald Steele, a lieutenant in Matthew Smith's company of riflemen. Arnold allowed him to select his men, and he chose the following: Jesse Wheeler, George Merchant and James Clifton, of Morgan's company of riflemen; Robert Cunningham, Thomas Boyd, John Tidd and John McKonkey of Captain Smith's company of riflemen; John Joseph Henry, also a member of Smith's company, not quite seventeen years of age, and two guides, Jeremiah Getchel and John Horne. They proceeded in two birch-bark canoes, their guides being acquainted with the river, as far as the great carrying place.

The first canoe bore five men, with their arms and baggage, one barrel of pork, one bag of meal, and two hundred weight of biscuit. The other canoe carried seven men, their arms, baggage and provisions.

On Saturday, the 23d day of September, in the evening, they arrive at Fort Halifax, which stands at the junction of the Seabasticook river with the Kennebec river. Hallowell was then the name of the town, now Augusta. From here they travel on and in a few days reach Norridgewock falls. After passing the falls of Norridgewock, they ascend the river rapidly, blazing every carrying place, thus making a route for those who follow. Friday, the 29th of September, they arrive at the great carrying place. The distance across to the Dead river is from twelve to fourteen miles. Reaching this point their guides informed them that they were not acquainted farther—so after this they found their way as best they

might. By journeyings hard, perilous, discouraging and at times well nigh fatal, on Sunday, October 8th, this party reached the height of land, which divides the waters of New England from those of Canada. On that day they reached a lake surrounded by high and craggy mountains. At 3 o'clock, they came to the extreme end of the fifth and last lake and on this lake obtained a full view of those hills, which were then, and are now, called the height of land. They hurry ashore, draw out their canoes, and cover them with leaves and brush-wood. This done, with their arms in their hands and their provisions in their pockets, they make a race across the mountain by an Indian path, easily ascertainable, until they arrive upon the bank of Chaudiere river. This was the end of their desires. To discover and know the course of this river, was the extent of their orders; beyond this, they had nothing to do.

And now, standing at the foot of a high pine, Steele asked if any one could climb a tree. Cunningham offered — climbed the tree, and from the top discerned the course of the river and even gazed upon the Lake Chaudiere, distant fourteen or fifteen miles. Now the party, having accomplished that for which they set out, commenced their return march to meet the on-coming main army. To show some of the hardships encountered by this brave band of pioneers, let there be related one or two of their experiences on their return to the main army. Their provisions nearly out, and they nearly famishing, knowing not what to do: — finally, one of the party shot a small duck. At night gathering around their camp fire, they anxiously discussed the question how this duck and their little pittance of remaining food could be most effectually used to prolong life. They decided to boil the duck in their camp kettle, each man putting in his last bit of pork, and each marking his own by running through it a small wooden

skewer, marked with his own private mark. The broth so made was to be all the supper the poor fellows had, reserving the boiled pork for breakfast, and the duck to be divided and laid by. "My appetite," says Henry, "was as ravenous as a wolf, but the resolution to take no more than the broth was kept." Rising early the next morning each man took his mouthful of pork and breakfast was over. The duck was then separated into ten parts, and divided in the hunter's usual way:—that is, one of the party, turning his back; and then, Steele asked of the man whose back was turned to the fragments, "Whose shall this be?" The man answered, naming one of the party. Henry says his share of the duck was one of the thighs. The day wore away, the men hastening on, the duck was eaten, and the party, tired out, encamped when night came to sleep. Rising next morning they resumed their march with not a morsel of food. Travelling all the weary day they lay down again supperless.

Henry also says that the next day, trying to hurry on, they ran their canoe against a partially sunken tree, which tore open the bark from stem to stern. Delayed some hours for repairs, and utterly exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and the main party some distance ahead,—they began to despair. He says "the thought came that the Almighty had destined us to die of hunger in the wilderness;—the tears fell from my eyes as I thought of my mother and family in their far-off home. But it was not designed that we should thus perish, for soon was heard the sharp crack of the rifle, followed by a shout and a huzza and, pushing forward, we saw, to our great joy, a moose deer struggle from the water, and fall upon the bank. We were saved. The forest shores echoed with our shouts of exultation, as the whole party gathered around their game. Kindling a fire, we feasted."

Another story about Shæffer the drummer is told. He

was very near sighted, and Henry says the laughing stock of the company. In some places where they would cross ravines by stepping from one log to another, poor Shæffer would very often fall, drum and all, between the logs and into the water, much to the amusement of the soldiers; but notwithstanding all this, and sometimes being nearly starved, and at other times almost naked, he bore his drum unharmed by all its jostlings, safely to Quebec, while many others, hale and hearty, died in the wilderness.

Let us now return to Fort Western, and see what has happened to the main army. By the 25th of September, the troops had all reached the fort, and here Arnold decides that the troops shall march in four divisions, and Monday, the 25th, the first division, consisting of the three companies of riflemen, starts for Quebec; the next day Colonel Green, with three companies of musketmen, sets out for the North; and the following day, Wednesday, Meigs, with the third division of the army, consisting of four companies of musketmen, marches forward, and after him Colonel Enos with three companies of musketmen comprising the fourth division, start along upon their journey, bringing up the rear. Each of the four divisions took with them forty-five days' provisions. After seeing them depart,—the last boat upon the river,—Arnold steps into his bark canoe and paddled by Indians shoots rapidly ahead of the rear division.

The route is to the third carrying place up the Kennebec, first to Fort Halifax at the junction of the Sebasticook with the Kennebec; here they found two block houses, and a large barrack enclosed with a picket fort. After leaving this place the men had to wade in the water sometimes up to their chins, which of course was very uncomfortable to say the least, and so they work their way

along sometimes in their bateaux, now upon the land, and again wading in the water. Soon they reach Skowhegan falls; here of course they have to leave the river and take to the land. The troops still journey on, and now the falls of Norridgewock are reached. Meigs, in his journal says: "at 7 o'clk. on the evening of Octr. 3d, a little below Norridgewalk my battoe filled with water. Here I lost my kettle, butter and sugar; a loss [he says] not to be replaced here." The time has now arrived when the army will leave behind them the abode of man, and enter the uninhabited wilderness. Col. Arnold comes to us and encamps with the men. And now they push up the river, leaving it many times to pass over the several carrying places, until the Great Carrying place is reached. This Great Carrying place is about fifteen miles across from the Kennebec river to the Dead river; there are on the way three ponds which the troops in their march have to cross. On their way there are four carrying places. To the first pond three and three-fourths miles — then the pond one-fourth of a mile wide — second carrying place one mile, second pond one-quarter of a mile wide — third carrying place one mile — then the last pond four miles wide, and then over land four miles to the Dead river.

By the 15th of October many of the troops had reached the Dead river. From here Arnold despatches a messenger to parties he knew in Quebec to ascertain what he might concerning the movements there.

The troops find the ascent of the Dead river very difficult; there are a great many falls and carrying places. On the 24th of October Thayer says, "We had intelligence of its being 25 miles to the Great Carrying place where the height of land is, and in the mean time destitute of provisions, for the two barrels of flour brought gave 2 lbs. to each man, and we only had a half pint left to deliver

out ; besides the continual snow aggravated us more, and left us in a situation not to be desired." Now many of the men are taken sick. Is it any wonder, when we realize what they have been through? The river is very narrow, and the walking upon the land is exceedingly bad. The men are becoming disheartened and many desire to return.

Affairs are now looking dubious. A council of war is held. These are the men who compose it : Colonel Green, Captains Topham and Thayer, and Colonel Enos. It was held at the request of Colonel Enos. Enos desires to give up and go back, to decide the march a failure, but the council decided against him. They resolved that Enos should not go back ; should not return ; but must go forward with them. It was decided that it would be wrong to give up now ; that they must and would go forward at whatever cost. Does one realize what brave men they were, what remarkable courage they displayed in this?

Enos' party, who were six in number, regretted exceedingly this action taken by their comrades. So they hold another council, this time among themselves, and Captains McCobb, Williams and Scott, declared they would return, and not rush into imminent danger. Captain Thayer says : — "Capt. Williams stepped towards me and wished me success, but told me he never expected to see me or any of us again alive — he was so conscious of the imminent danger we were to go through. Col. Enos also advanced and, with tears in his eyes, wished me and mine success, and took as he then supposed his last farewell of me."

Just imagine the parting in the wilderness between these brave men,—pathetic it must have been,—brave indeed had they been, those who now return ; braver they who, foreseeing what may be their fate, resolve that they will not turn back but will go forward, let what will happen. Enos

and his men now commence their return march. They took with them, among other things, provisions part of which ought to have been given to the men on the advance. This was a great blow to the troops composing the other divisions, and they felt it keenly, and were severe in their denunciation of Enos. Colonel Arnold, who was in advance, did not hear of the trouble caused by Enos for some time, and when he did learn of it was greatly incensed. Enos went back without any order from his superior officer, Colonel Arnold. Arnold's design was, that only the sick in the various divisions should return. Enos finally reached Cambridge, where he was tried by court martial, but was acquitted.

The troops that are left now continue their march up the Dead River. As they move along the river, very often they are obliged to leave the same on account of the many falls; but, still nothing daunted, they press on and on.

Colonel Arnold now, with a small party, pushes ahead of the main army, on, to the Chaudiere lake, and then down the river or by it to the French settlements, in the hope of finding food. Under date of Oct. 27, 1775, he writes to Colonels Green, Enos and the captains, "I shall proceed with what men I have as fast as possible to the inhabitants, and endeavor to procure and send back provisions. Please make all possible dispatch."

The army as they advance soon find the rain has changed to snow, and ice has formed upon the water. It is now with great difficulty that they proceed upon their way. Soon, however, they reach the high lands which separate the waters of New England from the waters of Canada. This was on October 27. By October 30, the whole body of troops had reached the Chaudiere pond or lake. They are now in a very bad condition and in great need

of food. At this place Jakins, the man whom Arnold had previously dispatched, returned, and informed him that the French inhabitants were rejoiced to hear of his coming and would gladly furnish his men with provisions.

Arnold, at this time, writes to Washington and informs him that "the march thus far has been attended with an amazing deal of fatigue, which the officers and men have borne with cheerfulness." He says, "I have been much deceived in every account of our route, which is longer, and has been attended with a thousand difficulties I never apprehended; but, if crowned with success, and conducive to the public good, I shall think it trifling."

Arnold is now desirous of sending a message to General Montgomery at Montreal, and to whom does he intrust the message? Why, to none other than Aaron Burr, the young volunteer.

Montgomery was one hundred and twenty miles away and Burr alone was to seek him and deliver to him the message of Arnold. This message was of great importance as it divulged the future plans of Arnold. Arnold showed great confidence in the ability of young Burr by sending him, as he was about to do, across the country and on such a critical mission. In performing this duty Burr first gave proof of his tact and address. He knew that the French people had never become reconciled to British rule; he also knew that the Catholic clergy specially abhorred it. Therefore, with this knowledge what does he do? Why, he assumes the garb and bearing of a young priest and goes directly to a religious house near the camp and seeks an interview with its chief. He knows Latin and French, and consequently finds no difficulty in conversing fluently with the venerable priest. Burr soon perceives that this old man is just the person he has need of, and feeling safe in so doing, he avows his

real character, and asks, through him, aid from the clerical order in the prosecution of his work.

But what saith this ancient servant of God? After gazing in astonishment at the young man, he replies: "You are but a boy! It is impossible for you, for one of your tender years to perform such a journey as you describe. It will be a long journey! It will be beset with great danger." Did Burr answer by saying, "you are quite right, venerable father?" Oh, no! Burr said, "I am going forward to meet General Montgomery. I shall not return to Colonel Arnold." The priest, finding him determined to go forward, furnished him with a trusty guide, and one of the rude carriages of the country. From one religious family to another the guide conveyed him with perfect safety, and with such comfort as made the journey seem a holiday excursion compared with the recent severe march through the wilderness. All went merry as a marriage bell; they had a fine time until they arrived at Three Rivers. Here they were interrupted; for rumors of Arnold's arrival had been reported, and the authorities were on the lookout to prevent communication between the two armies. Burr was concealed three days in a convent at Three Rivers, after which he and his guide proceeded, reaching Montreal without further interruption. Burr immediately went to Montgomery's headquarters, gave the information with which he was charged, and narrated his adventures. Montgomery received him with great favor; he was charmed and delighted with him. He showed his appreciation by making him his aid-de-camp with the rank of captain.

Turn now to Arnold and his army. Arnold has been moving ahead of his men searching for food, which he has found, and sends the same back to his army, who receive it, as well they may, with great joy. Now the

journey is made, most of the time, upon the sides of the Chandiere river, it being impossible to remain long upon the river, owing to the rapids. Many of the bateaux were destroyed soon after being placed upon the stream. But on they go, and soon arrive at a French house, and receive hospitality there. It is the first house seen for many days. Here they were well supplied with fresh beef, fowls, butter and vegetables. This place is Sartigan. Here at Sartigan, while the soldiers were arriving, a body of Indians, occupying as their hunting grounds a part of the territory over which Arnold had marched, waited upon him, and with all the formality and dignity which characterize an Indian council, demanded the cause of his entering upon their territory. Arnold made a formal reply to them, and among other things he said, "I feel myself happy in meeting with so many of my brethren from the different quarters of the great country. Brethren, we are the children of those people who have now taken up the hatchet against us. More than this,—one hundred years ago we were all as one family. Our fathers bought land of your fathers, and have grown a great people. We have planted the ground, and by our labor grown rich. Now a new king and his wicked great men want to take our land and money without our consent;" and so he goes on, finally telling them why he is here; and asking help of them. With offers of money and provisions, he finally succeeds in persuading fifty of their warriors to join his army, and they served him faithfully.

From here on to Point Levi, all through the Canadian country, Arnold caused to be distributed a manifesto from Washington to the Canadians, which had been prepared, translated into French, and printed before the departure from Cambridge.

From Sartigan the army straggle along, in any way they see fit, over snow and ice, and without any regard to companies or divisions. A hard, rough journey until, finally, by the 10th of November, the whole of the army who had survived the perilous march through the wilderness, reach Point Levi, opposite and in sight of Quebec, the object of their weary and toilsome march.

Arnold remained here at Point Levi nearly a week, and the first matter that demanded his attention was, how he should get his men across the St. Lawrence and attack Quebec ; for the English, having been informed of his near approach, had burned all the boats upon the Point Levi side of the river so as to impede his progress. But Arnold, with his accustomed skill and tact, immediately sent out into the country round about, and with the help of his Indian allies, succeeded in collecting quite a number of canoes. Now he must be on the alert and watch his opportunity to cross the river, as there were a number of armed vessels on the river between Point Levi and Quebec. Here he showed great skill and judgment. How many men are there that, in the face of such obstacles, would have thought of crossing the river under such circumstances? He watched his time, and on the evening of Monday, November 13, everything being in readiness for embarkation, at nine o'clock, it being quite dark, the first division set off, and passing between the Hunter, an armed vessel of fourteen guns, and Quebec, land safely on the Quebec side of the river.

The boats are immediately sent back, and continue to pass and repass over the river until all are over, with the exception of a few soldiers left on guard at Point Levi. The troops land in Wolfe's Cove, so called, and ascend the heights over the same route taken by the gallant Wolfe in 1759. Having reached the plains of Abraham,

the next day, Tuesday, in the morning, proper guards are placed on the different roads, so as to cut off the communication between city and country. During the day the main body march upon the heights near the city, and give three loud huzzas. In the evening Arnold sends a flag to the town with a demand of the garrison in the name and behalf of the United Colonies. As the flag approached the walls, the color bearer was fired upon, contrary to all rules or customs upon such occasions.

The troops remain here on the heights of Abraham about a week, and here was the first blood-shed before Quebec. It was in this way. Sergeant Dixon of Captain Smith's rifle company received a cannon shot in one of his legs. He was removed to the house of an English gentleman, where amputation took place, and he soon after died, and was buried upon the heights. An incident connected with this shooting is interesting, showing as it does a strong sentiment, which the prospect of death did not quench. The lady of the house where Dixon was carried, though not approving of the principles or doings of the Americans, was nevertheless very attentive to Dixon, and presented him with a cup of tea, which he declined, saying: "No, madam, I cannot take it! It is the ruin of my country." Uttering this noble sentiment, he quietly and peacefully passed to his rest.

Soon the order is given to strike their tents and decamp from the plains, and early on the morning of Nov. 19th, the army march up the river and soon after encamp at a place called Point au Trembles, about seven leagues from Quebec.

Thus far we have been taken along in imagination with this army, and they have reached the very gates of Quebec, and then departed therefrom,—but of course we cannot leave them, without narrating how they remained

at their encampment upon the river for a while, until joined by the brave Montgomery and his army from Montreal ; how together they afterwards moved to attack Quebec ; how they laid siege to the city ; how, on that stormy morning of the last day of the year 1775, they made an attack upon Quebec ; how the brave and fearless Montgomery was killed ; how the impetuous and brave Arnold was wounded, and many brave officers and men were killed, and others, some wounded, and some prisoners ; how, what was hoped might be a victory, was turned into defeat ; all this happened, and more — the half of which has not been, and cannot here be told.

We were defeated! What would have been the future of the country which was to be, and of the man Benedict Arnold? yes, what of the man Benedict Arnold, if, instead of defeat, victory had perched upon our banners, and as a result Quebec had fallen into our hands?

